



Volume 3

Number 2

Summer 1989

Officers of the Society

Chairman	Mr Philip Witheridge The Paddocks, Gretton Fields, Nr. Winchcombe, Cheltenham, Glos. GL54 5HJ.
Secretary	Mr John Witheridge 6 Nore Close, Darland, Gillingham, Kent. ME7 3DG.
Treasurer	Mr Jason Cook 18 Hawkhurst Way, West Wickham, Kent. BR4 9PF.
Editor/PRO	Mrs Kim Cook 18 Hawkhurst Way, West Wickham, Kent. BR4 9PF.
Membership Secretary	Mr Rod Witheridge Granville House, 33 Barrowgate Road, Chiswick, London. W4 4QX.
Research Co-ordinator	Mrs Kim Cook 18 Hawkhurst Way West Wickham Kent. BR4 9PF.
Committee Members	Mrs Joyce Browne 5 Greenhill Avenue, Luton, Beds. LU2 7DN.
	Mr Richard Witheridge 2 Apsley Road, Bath, Avon. BA1 3LP.



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Editorial

The past few months have been exiting times for the Society and its members.

The Witheridge Day reunion in May was again a great success with some thirty people present. A fuller report of Witheridge Day 89 appears later in this magazine, but I must mention here what an enjoyable day it was. I really enjoyed meeting old friends, making new ones, admiring the amazing range of handicrafts on display, and of course eating the delicious food which everyone provided. If there's one overriding thing that all Witheridges seem to have in common, its an enthusiasm for, and an appreciation of, their food!

The research front has been exciting too. We've made new contacts, traced lost branches of various families, and put people in touch with relations they didn't know existed. A glance at our list of new members shows John Roberts Witheridge of Shiremoor and his sister Dorothea Goins of San Diego are third cousins to Velma Metcalfe in New Zealand, and that all of them are in some way related to David and Elizabeth Witheridge in Minneapolis and Joan and Harry Payne in Gloucestershire. We hope they'll all enjoy getting to know one another.

At the time of writing I'm looking forward very much to our holiday in Devon. It will only be a week, and if the weather holds we should have a relaxing time on the beach at Bigbury. But I'm hoping to manage one day in the record office at Plymouth, to try and dig up some more information for our members.

Meanwhile, I hope you all have, or have had already, enjoyable and restful holidays. And if you visit relations and learn more about your families, do write and let me know.

Kim Cook



Witheridge Day 1989

by Kim Cook

On May 1st 1989, the May-day bank holiday Monday, over thirty members of the Witheridge Society descended on the pretty Gloucestershire village of Alderton for our annual Witheridge Day Reunion, which also incorporates the society's Annual General Meeting.

Some members spent the weekend in the area, and for them the celebrations started on Sunday evening with an informal gathering in the home of our Chairman Phil Witheridge. It was a real pleasure to meet for the first time Phil's wife Jean and their sons Paul and Simon. While Paul and Simon introduced the younger generation to the delights of the local hostelrys, we of the older generation enjoyed an impromptu supper with plenty of chatter.

Monday morning dawned bright and sunny as we gathered at Alderton village hall. The facilities at the hall are excellent, and we were delighted to be in such a pleasant venue. Initially the pace was hectic as we registered arrivals, greeting old friends and welcoming new ones. Leicester, Stoke-on-Trent, Nuneaton, Plympton, Bath, Luton, Kent, London and Gloucestershire were all well represented. Displays of family information were set up, coffee was served, and as members brought their art and craft work in, this too was displayed around the hall.

What a wealth of talent was arrayed from Witheridges past and present! Woodwork, lace, embroidery, paintings, pottery, batic and tapestry were all in evidence. Most impressive was the work of Jane Witheridge, daughter of David and June of Plympton. Her paintings and batic were quite brilliant, and no-one was surprised to learn that Jane is building a career as a professional artist. Among the other items which stand out in my memory are the pottery of our Chairman's wife Jean, the woodwork of Jacob Thomas Witheridge exhibited by his grand-daughter, Joan Payne, and the superb collection of dolls belonging to Phil and Caenwen Hookway.

After the official welcome from Phil Witheridge we were treated once again to one of Joyce Browne's excellent talks, this time on the clothing worn by our Witheridge ancestors, This was accompanied by excellent illustrations produced by Joyce and Graham, and the research and scholarship that went into this project was most thorough. For those who couldn't attend on the day, the talk has been written up as an article and included in this issue of our magazine commencing on page 5.

Lunch was a lively and friendly occasion, with plenty of volunteers in the kitchen, plenty of excellent food, and plenty of chat!

The picture shows your chairman Phil Witheridge cutting the Society's second anniversary cake with his wife Jean.

The face in the background is Mr David Witheridge from Plympton in Devon, and the face on the right is Mrs Monica Witheridge of Leicester.



If Witheridges have no other characteristic in common, they certainly share their enjoyment of food and their ability to converse with great animation!

After lunch came the business meeting, the AGM, which was as usual kept fairly brief. All of the present committee members were re-elected unanimously. The major discussion of the AGM centred around the timing of subscription payments, and it was eventually agreed that in future the subscription year would run from 1st January to 31st December. As most members had by then paid their subs for the coming year, it will obviously take some time for this to work through, and at some stage most members will have to make a pro-rata payment to bring their subs into line with the new arrangement.

After a brief break for refreshments we gathered together again for my short talk on Witheridges who had strayed, geographically rather than morally, although some Witheridges managed to do both! I gave examples of families who had strayed from Devon into Cornwall, Walsall and Wales, and of one family which has now been traced from Kent via London to Birmingham and Staffordshire. We hope to produce some of these trees in future issues of the Witheridge Times.

In between times we had managed to photocopy certificates, swap notes and information on the families of new members, consult the GRO index transcripts and the master card index, and sell back copies of Witheridge Times and the newly produced Witheridge Handbook. At the end of the day the kitchen was cleared, surplus food distributed, the floor swept and the displays packed away, still with plenty of lively and good-humoured conversation, and plenty of promises to keep in touch and to meet again soon. It really was a marvellous day and we all owe Phil a resounding 'thank-you' for making the event such a success.

Witheridge Times.

What were they wearing?

by Joyce Browne

(From a talk given on 'Witheridge Day' Hay 1989)

When thinking about our ancestors it occurred to me that if we could relate what they wore to the times in which they lived, it might bring them closer and enable us to catch glimpses of them as they move through history.

My mind goes back to one time in particular. Imagine a year during which a king of England died, and a new king was crowned. After he had reigned for only four months the international situation was so bad that he had to mobilise the fleet and call out the citizen army. After four months on standby the army had to be disbanded and sent home, only to be recalled a month later.

England was invaded by three separate invaders. Two of them were defeated, then a battle was fought with the third which resulted in a foreigner, not even a king in his own country, being crowned in Westminster Abbey. All in the space of one year. The year, I'm sure you all know, was 1066.

Why go back so far? We know that our name is Saxon, both in North and South Devon, which is where we trace our earliest Witheridges, and before he was king of England, Harold Godwinsson was Earl of Wessex, (Wessex means 'the West Saxons'), and overlord of Somerset, Devon and Cornwall. We are told that he was enthusiastically supported by men of the West Country. Did our ancestors fight at Hastings? I think they probably did, although some of them, having been sent home and then recalled may have been too late for the battle.

What did they look like? (Page 6 fig 1) Foot soldiers wore a short tunic, common to all except the nobility. For added protection they had a leather over-tunic studded with roundels of iron, and a conical helmet (fig 3). On their legs they wore a kind of stocking not knitted but woven, and kept in place by strips of material. The Saxons carried both round and kite-shaped shields. The knights and cavalry wore hauberks, this was a short tunic of chain mail which consisted of iron rings passed through each other and welded, looking rather like knitting.

They were blond, with their hair about shoulder length or shorter in round style. The Normans on the other hand had their hair shaved up the back of the head, a style which the Saxons considered very ugly. The Saxons were both clean shaven and moustached.

Fig 1
1066



Fig 2
1066



Fig 5



Fig 3

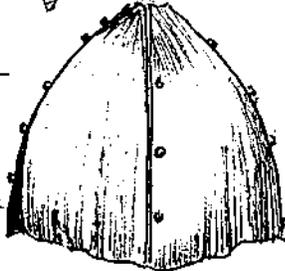


Fig 4



Saxon brooch

Fig 6

1090s



All men, except the aristocracy, wore the Phrygian cap (fig 2). This was a hat made of cloth with a tight headband and a pointed crown, worn with the point towards the front. This hat has appeared and disappeared since the sixth century BC, and was also adopted by the French Revolutionaries, and I am expecting it to materialise again any moment now!

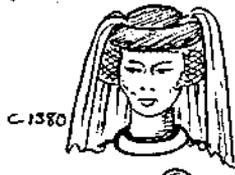
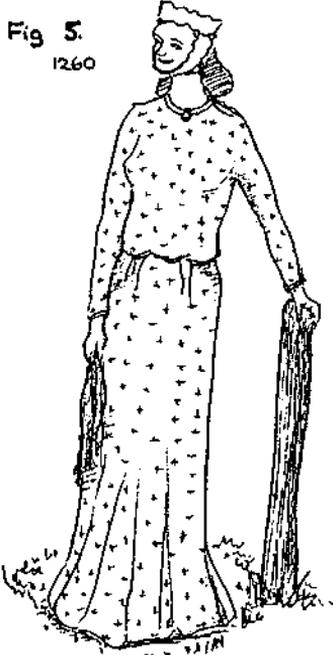
The men had a garment like pyjama trousers (fig 6), and another leg-covering like socks without a foot. Soft leather shoes, done up at the instep, or at the side, were worn over bare feet. Sometimes they had a 'sherte' made of linen and a semicircular cloak fastened at the neck by a brooch (fig 4). This style of garment was worn by all men, whether rich or poor, but the wealthy had theirs decorated with jewels and rich embroidery, for which Saxon women were internationally famous.

The women always covered their hair (fig 5), either by a light veil or by a hood which came down over the neck and shoulders. They had a long skirt, usually made of wool, and over it a super-tunic with loose sleeves, under which they wore a smock or a shirt with tight sleeves. The whole effect was rather shapeless. They wore a belt or girdle, useful for carrying tools or keys, or for hitching up the skirt out of the wet. They too wore soft leather shoes done up at the instep. They used vegetable dyes, from which beautiful colours can be obtained, so the clothes of even poor people were not necessarily dull.

After the Conquest, what then? Almost every Saxon landlord was either killed or dispossessed and made to work for a Norman overlord. Our ancestors passed from a prosperous, comparatively free society, where even humble men and women had legal rights, to one of serfdom and obedience to a feudal lord.

For the next three centuries we catch but few glimpses of them (Page 8 figs 1, 2 & 3). We do see their likenesses chiselled in stone on church fonts, or carved on pew ends. We see them in church missals depicting the seasons of the year, with little change in their costume except that they seem to have dispensed with their leg bandages and are wearing both flat and higher crowned hats.

The most dramatic changes took place in women's dress (Page 8 fig 4). The gown was drawn very tightly round the hips causing folds under the bust. The sleeves were wide and embroidered, with a close fitting sleeve underneath. The whole effect had changed from the shapeless to the seductive. Hair was uncovered, false hair and false plaits were worn, and at the end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century women dyed and bleached their hair. (Did someone even then hint that gentlemen prefer blondes?)



From the fourteenth to the fifteenth century an amazing array of fashions in women's headgear occurred (page 8 fig 7), most of them totally impractical for anyone with work to do. This is why they were worn by the wealthy as a status symbol, but who knows maybe a second-hand wimple may have come the way of one of our Witheridges.

In the age of misery which was the fourteenth century, the plague of the Black Death (1349) swept through Europe and England. At least a third of the population died, in some places nine tenths died. Devon suffered severely. One historian (W.G. Hoskins, "Devon") writes, "In the isolated parish of Templeton, with no village, we are told that the dead were collected by the cartload and taken to the mother church at Witheridge". In some places civil administration broke down and in others there was no one to gather the harvest. Labourers took advantage of this situation to run away, or demand higher wages, without much success. We lose sight of our families here, and throughout the troubled period of the Wars of the Roses, but they emerge from the dark as more settled times come to the land.

Imagine the year 1533. In this year a girl child was born to a couple desperately hoping for a boy. She was named Elizabeth after her grandmother. Before she was three years old her mother was executed by order of her father. She was immediately presented with a stepmother who died in childbirth a year later. Three years later another stepmother appeared. This one lasted an even shorter time than the first, nine months, before she was divorced. Stepmother number three was on the scene with indecent speed and lasted two years before she too was beheaded. After one year Elizabeth's father Henry married for the sixth time, and this marriage lasted for four years until Henry's death. Can you imagine a worse beginning for a child, who after all this was still only fourteen years old? Yet this child, Elizabeth 1st of England, brought to her reign challenge, excitement and prosperity that percolated down through the land and its people.

I mention the year of Elizabeth's birth because near that year, possibly a year or two earlier, a Nicholas Witheridge was born in Berrynarbor, and in 1553 he married Mary Somer. Fig 1 page 10, shows what people were wearing at that time. The costumes illustrated are ones humbler people might own. The style for wealthier people would be more exaggerated, and the man would probably be wearing slashed and padded breeches as illustrated in page 11.

About the time Nicholas Witheridge died another Witheridge, Arthure of Ermington was born. He married Johane Edgecomb in Ermington in 1607. Fashion was then as you see in Fig 2 page 10.



c. 1553 *1553 Nicholas Witheridge and Mary Somer married*



c. 1600-1607

1607 Arthur Witheridge and Johane Edgecomb married

The hideous style of the farthingale, a jutting shelf round the hips, was popular with women. There were various styles of breeches for men. The drawing is of one of the less exaggerated ones, rather like long Bermuda shorts with a frill at the bottom of the legs.

It is impossible to show all the styles in vogue at this time, but some are shown on pages 12 & 13. The Elizabethans were fond of wearing 'slashes', that is the top layer of material was cut, sometimes into thin strips, and a second layer of different coloured material was pulled through the gaps. Men's breeches were stuffed into extraordinary shapes, using horsehair and straw, and they complained of difficulty in sitting down! Garments often consisted of separate parts, and men's clothing in particular was not so much put on as tied on. Even if our Witheridges could not maintain this high style they lived in a world of extravagant, flamboyant people.

In the fifty four years between the marriage of Nicholas in 1553 and that of Arthure in 1607, many dramatic events took place, not to mention an explosion in the population of Witheridges. We know that they were in coastal and inland districts of North Devon and Cornwall. They were in Plymouth, Wembury, Yealmlpton, Ermington, and in other places in South Devon, Kent and London.

What did they experience? There was a war with France, during which we lost our last British possession there, Calais. Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world and Sir Walter Raleigh was trying to establish a colony in America. Shakespeare wrote his plays and was still alive when Arthure was married. Then think of the year 1588 when the beacon fires signalling the approach of the Spanish Armada were first lit in Cornwall and on through Devon passing the message to warn the rest of England. As the alarm was raised, the terror also spread. Everyone knew that this fleet was prepared for, and intent on, the conquest of England and its forcible conversion to the Old Religion. Those fires were the signal for general mobilisation. Drake may have had time to finish his game of bowls but thousands of men were already on the march to their rendezvous. Can you imagine the joy when the news of victory came?

Can you also feel the sense of loss when the Old Queen died? England had to accept the unknown James the first. That his reign was not universally popular can be deduced from the attempt in 1603, to blow up the King and the Houses of Parliament. We have remembered Guy Fawkes ever since.

The descendants of Nicholas and Arthure continued to prosper at least at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but difficult times were to come. There were riots and rebellions, the execution of the King, Civil War, rule by

c.1556



c.1555-60



c.1550-60



c.1575



1560-70



1560-70



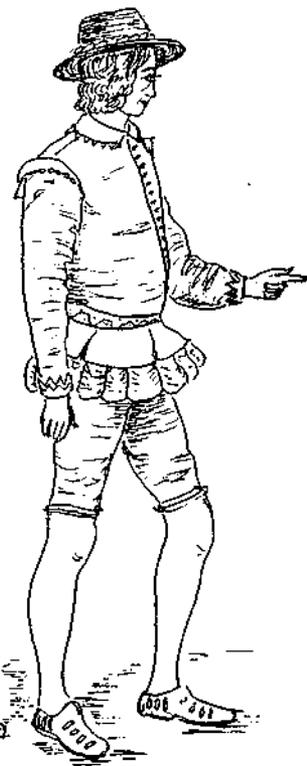
c. 1570



c. 1596



c. 1590-1600



Parliament but not exactly benevolent democracy, terrible plague, and in London, a devastating fire. It would be surprising if our ancestors were unscathed, especially as in the Civil War, 1642 to 1646 and 1649 to 1651, Devon was the scene of much fighting. Many farms and houses were stripped and severely damaged. Loyalties were divided. At first Cornwall tended to be Royalist.

In 1643, at Stratton on the Cornish/Devon border there was a battle in which a Royalist victory placed a large part of Devon in Royalist hands. Exeter was divided, Plymouth was strongly Parliamentary and withstood a Royalist siege for three and a half years. Yet not very far away at Fort Charles on the estuary near Salcombe, the fort was holding out against a Parliamentary army. Cromwell himself conducted the campaign at Bovey Tracey, and there was a skirmish at Modbury. At Aveton Gifford the Vicar led the villagers in an attempt to stop Cromwell crossing the river. They failed and the villagers hid the Vicar in the church tower for months. I should like to know what happened to him.

During all this, and after it, there was another visitation of the dreaded plague. It was at its height in London in 1665, but it broke out sporadically all over the country and parish registers show that Devon suffered throughout the seventeenth century.

There was a revolution in fashion in the first half of the seventeenth century, see pages 15 & 16. From a period of extravagant exuberance, Puritan influence made itself felt, although a surprising amount of lace was worn by men, even by Parliamentarians.

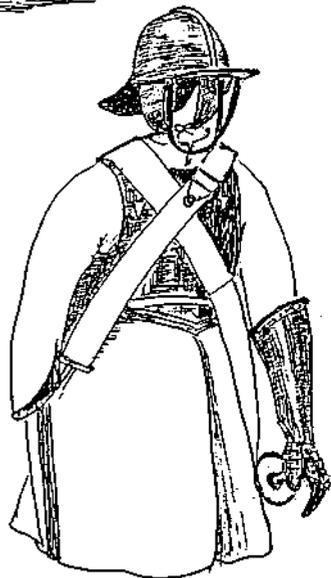
One innovation which appeared was the wig, see page 16 fig 4. Men had their heads shaved in order to accommodate it. I have read that this was in order to get rid of head lice, but since the wigs were often infested it cannot have been very effective.

Women too, wore fantastic creations on their heads. Their wigs were often too tall to allow them to pass through a door. By the time we reach the fashions on page 17, we are coming into the recognisable style of John Bull. What did this age bring?

Britons were fighting all around the globe, Ireland, France, Canada, Gibraltar, the West Indies, India and in America, in the War of Independence. It was an age of scientific invention, of great composers and great preachers. Political parties as we know them today came into being. Social changes took place and there were changes in the Poor Law which affected many people.



Britons on way to America



c 1644-5 Cavalry Trooper in
Cromwell's 'New Model Army'



c. 1644 Royalist Pikemen



c 1650



c 1670-80



c 1720



c 1716



c. 1765



c. 1770



c. 1790-1796



Agricultural labourers became poorer. The North Devon ports of Barnstaple and Bideford began to decline in the late 1700s. Barnstaple was silting up, but Devonport had come into being and was booming. There began a movement away from the country, just a trickle at first and then a flood as the tide of the Industrial Revolution swept people away to the ports, to London and to what was to be called the Black Country.

Fashions too followed this tide, and the great naval victories began a craze for all things nautical. I have heard a tradition that there was a Witheridge carpenter on board the Victory, and Figs 1 & 2 page 19, show what he would have worn, but I'm afraid that this is not substantiated by the crew lists of the Victory.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, women's fashions were back into an age of seduction and elegance, see fig 3 page 19, and as the century progresses we no longer need to wonder what our ancestors wore. The camera has brought them into focus and a study of fashion may have its reward in revealing the identity, by date, of unknown faces. Keep your photographs and cherish them, they are part of your heritage.

In the News

Daily Telegraph 24th July 1989

"Glider instructor and pupil injured"

A gliding instructor and his pupil were taken to hospital with broken backs yesterday after they crashed on take-off at Old Sarum Airfield, Salisbury, Wilts.

The instructor, Mr Raymond Witheridge, 69, of Runnymede Avenue, Bournemouth, and Mr Arthur Poulton, 45, of Downton, Salisbury, were practising take-off by mechanical winch when the glider became detached from the winch and a wing touched the runway."

This accident was also reported in 'The Journal' Newcastle on the same date. Mr Raymond Witheridge is not a member of our society, but a Get-well-card was sent to him, on behalf of the Witheridge Society. Mr Raymond Witheridge we believe was a bomber pilot in the second world war.



Fig 1

1789 - 1801

Warrant Officer

Carpenter



Fig 2

1799 Ship's Carpenter



Fig 3

1803

GRO Certificates Held

<u>Christian Name(s)</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Via</u>
<u>Births</u>			
Albert Thomas	12.10.1887	Pancras, London.	023
Amy	19.02.1878	King's Norton.	005
Arthur	02.01.1887	Birmingham.	005
Arthur Ernest	20.01.1890	Birmingham.	005
Charles Roberts	01.06.1908	Tynemouth.	065
Dennis	09.07.1922	Birmingham.	005
Dorcas Mary	30.09.1875	Stoke Damerel.	022
Elizabeth	25.01.1838	Bideford.	001
Helen Rachel*	22.07.1971	Sutton Coldfield.	066
James	08.06.1882	Aston.	005
James Henry	04.01.1881	Birmingham.	005
John	15.04.1865	Barnstaple.	001
John Roberts	14.02.1932	Tynemouth.	065
Peter Richard	28.08.1943	Walsall.	066
Philip Henry	06.07.1934	Aylesbury.	008
Philip Paul	30.04.1964	Rugeley, Staffs.	008
Richard Charles*	11.02.1975	Walsall.	066
Robert Herbert	12.10.1887	Pancras, London.	023
Sidney Philip	30.05.1898	Ermington.	008
Simon Richard	05.04.1968	Cheltenham.	008
 <u>Marriages</u>			
Abel	04.07.1908	Walsall.	008
Arthur	25.12.1913	Birmingham.	005
Arthur	02.08.1947	Birmingham.	005
Arthur John	03.06.1906	Aston Brook.	008
Charles Roberts	11.07.1931	Tynemouth.	065
Eliza	10.06.1857	London City.	001
George	18.08.1861	Plymouth.	022
George	19.02.1860	Barnstaple.	022
George Henry	08.05.1899	Walsall.	008
James Henry	15.09.1934	Smethwick.	008
John Roberts	07.07.1979	N. Tyneside, E.	065
Philip Henry	02.09.1961	Hixon, Staffs.	008
Robert	03.02.1879	Birmingham.	001
Sidney Philip	29.12.1923	Ermington.	008
Thomas	11.07.1858	Plymouth.	008
Thomas	01.12.1859	Plymouth.	008
William	09.09.1872	Dudley.	008
William	27.10.1872	Birmingham.	008
William	29.03.1879	Barnstaple.	001
William	25.03.1883	Cardiff.	001

* Short certificate only.

Continued on page 23

Kilroy Witheridge

by John Michael Witheridge

My brother Phil, wrote an article some months ago, entitled Kilroy Witheridge. Most of us will have humorous tales to tell concerning Kilroy. I have several. This is perhaps the most amusing that I can recall and it is completely true! Well at least as true as any other Kilroy story can be.

Many centuries ago when I was younger and fitter than I am now, I was in the army, stationed in the Aden Protectorate. Our job was to protect installations and people within the Protectorate. It seemed that most of the time we were doing our best to catch the stones that were thrown at us, and then return them, discharging them in the general direction of the 'enemy'. Occasionally we would have some spare time and would look for a pastime in which we could relax, away from the madding crowd.

Someone suggested rock climbing. In fact he had stated 'mountaineering', but in a desert area I think he was a little ambitious. So we agreed to climb some of the volcanic hills in the area of Little Aden. These hills overlooked the BP installations. We selected the highest peak that we could see, mainly because at its top was a pylon radio mast, for the transmission of radio messages out of the Protectorate.

We each carried what we thought would assist in our hazardous climb. In fact they were more of a hindrance than help, for our trek was mainly over loose shale, that had baked in the 120°F sun, since it had oozed out of the mouth of the volcano many light years ago.

Our climb at times seemed to be downhill, more than upwards, as our feet slid on the hot shale. Eventually we arrived at the summit to find an Arab gunman, covering us with a revolver. He gestured us to drop our loads and to hold up our hands in the air. Of course we did not feel like arguing the point at that moment, so we unanimously agreed to his demand.

At the end of the building we noticed a second Arab laying plastic charges to the legs of the pylon. Three of the four charges were completed and the fourth was in progress. Well to cut the story short we stopped him completing his work and in time relayed a message to BP's police, to collect the two Arabs. They arrived in due course and asked us to wait until repair men could fix the door.

After all the excitement was over, we settled down to a lunch on top of the world. Afterwards we had time to look around and inside the shed. Now, as is usual in such out of the way places, you would expect to find the usual writing,

Kilroy was here.

But it was not there, we had got there before him. So between us we made up a small verse and wrote it on the outside of the shed.

I laughed, I screamed, I jumped for joy.
For I was here before Kilroy.

Well the outcome of this story was, that some months later I had reason to be at that same site again. To my sorrow and disbelief, tagged at the bottom of our verse was another.

Sorry mate, to spoil your joke,
I was here but my pencil broke.

signed Kilroy.

Editor's footnote to John's story.

John's story reminds me of a similar story in the 1960s set in decidedly less exotic surroundings. A friend who worked in the construction industry returned from a business trip which involved visiting two sites where buildings were being erected to their designs. He told Roy and me that his first visit had been to a motorway service area nearing completion but not yet open to the public. While on site, he used the newly completed toilets, which he expected to find new and pristine. However, the new wall already bore the inscription,

Clap your hands and shout for joy,
I was here before Kilroy.

After making his second visit, our friend called again at the service area on his way home. Again he visited the toilets, and this time found an additional inscription,

Silly *****, hide your face,
Kilroy built the bloody place!

Continued from page 20

<u>Christian Names(s)</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Via</u>
<u>Deaths</u>			
Ada Florence	17.02.1945	Birmingham.	005
Charles Roberts	01.11.1974	Ashington.	065
Edwin	11.03.1881	Barton Regis.	001
Fanny Elizabeth	12.07.1879	Bideford.	001
George	17.09.1901	Pancras, London.	001
George	09.01.1893	Merthyr Tydfil.	001
Jessie Mabel	29.01.1981	Bournemouth.	006
John	25.03.1859	Bideford.	001
Richard	18.01.1961	Worth Valley.	008
Sidney Philip	08.01.1971	Cheltenham.	008
Winifred Emily Frederica	28.07.1982	Penkridge, Staffs.	008

To order a copy of any certificates you need, send £1 per copy to Joyce Browne (address given inside front cover).

**Indexer's Iritus, Researcher's Rigor,
Transcriber's Trauma, Registrar's Relapse,
or just St. Catharine's House Callapse**

by Joyce Browne

I was delighted to meet our new members Jennifer and Peter Witheridge and their family at Alderton on Witheridge Day, but it concerned me when they could not find their marriage listed on the Witheridge Society transcripts of the GRO indexes.

Was I the researcher who had failed to transcribe it from notebook to list? On reaching home I checked, nothing in my notebooks. Had I, suffering from the well known syndrome 'St. Catherine's Callapse', and failed to see it in the indexes? On my next visit to St. Catherine's I re-checked and there was nothing under any of the Witheridge variants in the indexes.

This time I knew the name of the marriage partner and so looked for 'Wootton'. I found that Jennifer Wootton had married a Peter Richard LITHERIDGE. I cross checked and there it was, Peter Richard LITHERIDGE had married Jennifer Wootton. This is a variant of our surname which I had not thought of so, Jennifer and Peter, if you ever need a copy of your marriage certificate the GRO thinks that you are LITHERIDGES.

Membership List

We welcome the following new members to the Society

- 065 Mr John R Witheridge
21 Etal Crescent, Shiremoor, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. NE27 ONT
1)John Roberts Witheridge; 2)Charles Roberts Witheridge
1908-1974; 3)Eleanor Wells; 4)John James Witheridge
1878-1970; 5)Ambrosine Wallace Davison 1887-1960; 8)
Thomas Witheridge 1835-1922; 9)Ann Serena Roberts 1838-
1915; 16)John Witheridge 1802-?; 17)Mary Hancock 1805-
1874; 32)John Witheridge 1775-1866; 33)Elizabeth Harris
1772-1862:
Combmartin & Berrynarbor 1500-1873; Tyneside 1873-1989:
- 066 Mr Peter R Witheridge
067 Mrs Jennifer Witheridge
068 Miss Helen Witheridge
069 Mr Richard Witheridge
1 Omega Way, Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs ST4 8TF.
1)Peter Richard Witheridge; 2)Leslie R Witheridge 1913-
1981; 2)Kathleen Winnutt; 4)Arthur John Witheridge c1884
-?; 5)Alice Sarah Ann Wesson 1884-1982; 8)William
Witheridge;
Birmingham, Walsall, Trentham 1800-1989:
- 070 Mrs Maureen Witheridge
071 Miss Susan Witheridge
(See membership list No 021)
- 072 Mrs Dorothea C Goins
073 Mr Ronald J Goins
12016 Versailles Court, San Diego, California 92128, USA.
1)Dorothea Carol Goins; 2)Charles Roberts Witheridge
1908-1974; 3)Eleanor Wells; 4)John James Witheridge
1878-1970; 5)Ambrosine Wallace Davison 1887-1960; 8)
Thomas Witheridge 1835-1922; 9)Ann Serena Roberts 1838-
1915; 16)John Witheridge 1802-?; 17)Mary Hancock 1805-
1874; 32)John Witheridge 1775-1866; 33)Elizabeth Harris
1772-1862:
Combmartin & Berrynarbor 1500-1873; Tyneside 1873-198?;
U.S.A. 198?-1989:
- 074 Mrs Velma D Metcalfe
075 Mr A Rodney Metcalfe
49 Chester Road, Tawa, Wellington, New Zealand.
1)Velma Doreen Metcalfe; 2)Ronald Arthur Hazell; 3)
Glenath Rona Witheridge; 6)James William Witheridge 1881
-1933; 7)Lillian Alice Punch 1882-1954; 12)John
Witheridge 1838-1911; 13)Elizabeth Delbridge 1844-1906;
24)John Witheridge 1802-?; 25)Mary Hancock 1805-1874;
48)John Witheridge 1775-1866; 49)Elizabeth Harris 1772-
1862?;
Combmartin & Berrynarbor 1500-1864; New Zealand 1864-
1989:

Useful Addresses

Devon Record Office,
Castle Street,
Exeter,
Devon.
EX4 3PQ

Telephone 0392 53509

West Devon Record Office,
Clare Place,
Coxside,
Plymouth,
Devon.
PL4 OJW

Telephone 0752 26485

North Devon Record Office,
Tuly Street,
Barnstaple,
Devon.

Devon Family History Society,
Membership Secretary,
Mrs P Witwicka,
4a Cookworthy Road,
North Prospect,
Plymouth,
Devon.
PL2 2LG

Society of Genealogists,
14 Charterhouse Buildings,
London. EC1

Telephone 01-251 8799